

# Nobility of Six

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Summary: Is there life after death? This question had popped up in Six's mind many times, and her answer was always no. But when her, and the rest of Noble Team find themselves in a strange new world, as animals, she can't help but remember the motto; Spartans never die. Now, with the help of six new warriors, the Spartans must face an old enemy, and a new friend, to protect their home.

## 1. Sudden Stop

### Nobility of Six

#### 1. First Breath of Six

Blood. Lots of blood. The crimson fluid is painted across my memory, mixed with the purple, orange, and even green of countless species. Even as my gaze traveled over the slain Arbiter Elite laying at my feet, his own energy sword piercing his chest, my eyes are continually drawn to the beautiful purple liquid pouring from his wounds. I staggered for a moment, clutching my own, and promptly sat down. I was dying. A cruel smirk played on my lips, the closest thing I've come to smiling in a long time. 'Payback's a bitch', Emile had said, and I agree with him. It would seem that death, is not without a sense of irony.

I pulled my hand from my wound, and watched as my crimson life dripped from my fingers. My parents, the UNSC, and even Halsey believed that it was an unhealthy obsession. I remembered when Halsey first took me in for my psychological exam, and the Doc showed me the cards with random splotches, asking me what I saw. My answers were simple, and not without reason; Head-shot, left arm fracture, carotid arterial rupture. I would know because these were things that I had seen, when the insurgents attacked my home, slaughtering my parents. I was only six, but never had a gun felt so right in my hands. They say that young children can't understand what murder, or revenge are. If only that were true...

But needless to say, that when the psychiatrist told Halsey that I was unstable, I agreed one-hundred percent, and I loved it. Where's the fun in making sense?

I threw up in the sand, more blood. Staggering back to my feet, I retrieved my helmet and slipped it on, the blackened alloy fitting like a glove, and sat back down. The HUD popped up in it's blue brilliance, with my health bar flashing red dangerously. With a grunt I switched it off. I hated that stupid flashing bar, with it's annoying beep. \_I get it! I'm dying! Shut up already!\_ I reached into my belt pocket and retrieved my I-pod. Kat said the thing was an antique, completely rebuilt of course and damn near impossible to break. Flipping through my number of ancient songs, I selected one of my favorites and let it blare in my helmet speakers; I don't wanna die, by Hollywood Undead. The song was at least five centuries old, but I liked it.

I smiled at how fitting the song was, as I could feel my consciousness slipping, before a thought struck me. Unable to stand, I crawled to the dead Elite and tore the sword from his corpse, deactivating the blade and clipping it to my belt. Damn Elites always going on about honor. Let's see just how honorable you'll be when your buddies find your decaying corpse without it's most prized possession.

As an after thought, I removed his grenades and clipped those to my belt as well, before flipping him off. Finally, I laid down with my hands beneath my head, and my legs spread out. I may be a girl, and I may be dead, but I wanted my message to be clear. \_'Fuck you all.'\_

As my song ended I closed my eyes and heaved a final sigh. I didn't bother inhaling, mostly because I knew it would be prolonging the inevitable, but also because my lugs just decided to say, \_'Just fucking die already!'\_. After a second, I drifted off and didn't wake.

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\_\*\*'SIKE, BITCH! '\*\*\_ The universe practically screamed in my face as I awoke in a forest. It was sunny, but still cool. My guess was that it was nearly Fall. The trees surrounding me were nice, and I swear I could smell sandalwood and bamboo. Maybe heaven did exist... and maybe the Easter bunny shits jelly beans, cause last I checked, you shouldn't need a HUD in heaven. Nor should you need Mark-3 Spartan armor. Sitting up, I cracked my neck once and stood. I was apparently fully intact, no wounds, and no breaks in my armor. I was a bit stiff, but that was soon worked out.

A rustling to my left, as well as the sound of voices caught my attention. Very familiar voices. Unclipping the Energy Sword from my belt, I was off like a shot into the brush. I only had to run for a few meters before I reached a clearing, and was welcomed by an extremely weird sight. The rest of Noble Team, except for one minor detail; They were animals. Sorta.

Carter (as a Rhino), with the help of a grizzly-bear Jorge, was trying to keep a Zebra Emile from shooting a snow-leopard Kat. Jun was sitting off to the side as a Puma, field-stripping his rifle. The

funniest thing, none of them were wearing helmets. And they all had tails. Other than that, they all looked the same and in good health.

Not exactly sure how to make myself known, I cleared my throat, which resulted in everyone turning toward me, and Emile dropping his shotgun.

"Six?" Carter stared surprised, while I snapped a salute.

"Awaiting orders Commander."

Emile rolled his eyes and turned away, apparently forgetting about Kat. "And even now she's a hard-ass."

I simply quirked my head to the left as I was beginning to do more and more.

Carter stepped up to me and placed his hand on my shoulder. "Six? Ya alright?" I raised an eyebrow in confusion, not that he could see it, and asked. "Sir? Why wouldn't I be?" He chewed on his lip, but shrugged. "Just didn't know how well you'd take this."

I gave a nod, but kept my posture. "With all due respect sir, it doesn't seem that bad. Affirmative, you are animals, but I see no way that it affects me."

Hearing Emile snort slightly, as well as seeing Jun bite his lip made me question just who they were referring to. Until good ol' Jorge decided to be the bear of bad news, pun intended.

"Six, I'm guessing that you haven't taken a good look at yourself." I quirked my head again. "Six, I hate to tell you this," He scratched the space between his ears. "but you've got a tail."

Tail... He said tail right?

I nodded slowly, before cracking my neck once and taking a look at my ass. I was greeted by a bushy black tail which almost blended perfectly with my armor.

"... Well fuck."

I heard a sharp intake of breath from Carter, and a chuckle from Jun. "Well, well, she does know more words than just 'yes sir'."

I growled slightly when Kat smirked and nodded. "Maybe more than just her species changed."

Wait... Why did I growl? Kat was just being Kat, I mean sure she's a pain in the ass, especially towards me, but that never bothered me before... Or rather, it did, but I never showed it. Maybe something did change.

"Six?" I looked back at Carter, who was wearing a questioning look. "Yes, sir?"

"Could you take off your helmet?"

â€|.. Did he seriously ask that? Nobody ever asks me to take off my

helmet. Emile even had this weird theory that half my face was melted by a Energy Sword. I mean, he's right, but it's not like I self-conscious about it.

"Six?" Carter was giving me that 'I'm waiting' look. So, with a huff, I reached beneath the lip of my helmet and pinched in the small grooves, resulting in a hiss as I pulled the cover off.

I had a good look at my face-plate now, the front was a rectangular elongation of what it used to be, while there were two triangular protrusions from the top, probably for my ears.

"Interesting..." I heard Jun mutter, while Kat said something along the lines of "I guess some things never change."

Finally, with the wait killing me, I turned the helmet in my hands until the reflective visor was facing me.

What I saw looking back at me wasn't my face, but the face of a red-eyed, jet-black wolf.

## 2. Adjustment

Time: 18:35

>Planet: Unknown.<br>Location: Bamboo forest.

>Situation update: Everyone has been reincarnated as animals.<br>Personal analysis: This is fucked up.

Emile's chortling was cut short as my helmet collided with his snout, earning an shocked stare from the remainder of Noble team. I vaguely remember Jun saying something along the lines of 'Well, never mind. Things have changed'. I couldn't resist the growl tearing through my throat as a hand clapped onto my shoulder.

"Stand down Spartan!" Carter's command was enough to silence me, as the familiar ass-board of discipline forced my spine straight. Giving a brief nod over my shoulder, I marched over to Emile's roost and retrieved my helmet, before slipping it into it place and locking it down. The intense need to slug Jorge as I passed nearly killed me, but I abstained. This emotional override was starting to get the best of me, perhaps it had something to do with the species change? I nabbed an SMG from Jun distractedly, not even questioning how he got it (how in the hell did he get it anyway?), before taking point on the nearby game-trail. Hell, it might have been a people-trail for all I know. Thousands of questions were blasting through my brain like plasma bolts.

I had died. We had all died. I fucking saw Kat take a \*\*needle \*\*through the \*\*face! \*\* Jorge got \*\*fucking incinerated\*\* in \*\*an explosion! \*\* Same with Carter. I'm not even sure what happened to Jun, but if he's here, me must be a member of the "recently-deceased Spartan party". Then there was me and Emile. We both were stabbed. Repeatedly. I saw his corpse. I used his shotgun.

I risk a glance over my shoulder.

The shotgun he's now carrying. Now that I think about it, they've all got their signature weapons. Jun with his Sniper, Jorge with his Gat,

Carter with his DMR, Kat with her Assault, Emile with his kukri (Dayum, I love that knife.) and shotgun, But all I woke up with are some plasma grenades and a sword \_that I stole\_, and the Caseless that I'm borrowing. Why don't I get my suppressed DMR? I fucking loved that g- WHAT THE HELL!?

I nearly fell on my ass as a bright blue face appeared in my visor. Thankfully I didn't scream like a girl... I think.

"Six, ya alright?" I rebuilt my composure quickly before responding. "Yes, sir. Just got distracted and hit a rock."

... da'fuq!? I'm a Spartan 3! I couldn't \_stumble\_ over a \_6-foot boulder\_ if I tried!

I refocused on the image in my screen as it took on a full body (Miniature of course.). I nearly squealed in delight when I saw that it was a human A.I.. A sexy-ass human \_female\_ A.I... That strangely resembled a very young Dr. Halsey... Well, that's an instant lady-boner-killer.

"And just, who are you supposed to be?" I couldn't keep the disgust out of my voice, even if I chose to.

"My name is..." She looked confused for a moment, which actually surprised me. Not even 'smart' A.I.'s showed any personality. Finally she smiled as if the answer had come to her. "My name, is Cortana." Apparently it did. "Well, Actually, I'm a copy of Cortana, the original me is back on the Forward Unto Dawn." She nodded and gestured with her hands strangely as she talked. Almost like she thought she was real.

"So technically speaking, I'm Cortana-point-two." I blinked once. "Do I know you?" She smiled shyly and nodded slowly. "Yes and no. We've met, but I didn't look the way that I do now." I raised an eyebrow questioningly.

"You saved me, remember? I chose you to keep me safe, and you died to defend my escape." She smiled again, as if that was supposed to mean anything. Wait.. does she mean that strange chip-in a-bottle that Halsey gave me. "You.. chose me...?" She smiled wide and made that weird sparky-clicky noise that the chip had made back on Reach.

"Oh.. Lookin' good... but wait, how are you in my helmet?" It was a good question, the answer though, left something to be desired.

"I've been there since Reach."

"... And you didn't help me out \_then?"\_ I swear her blue face changed to purple as she chuckled in a totally fake way, wringing her hands at the same time. "Well, see, I was still kinda integrating into your system, up till now, that is... I like your music by the way." The last part kinda irked me. My music is about the most personal possession that I have, well, technically it's the only possession that I have, but that's besides the point.

I opened my mouth to reply, until my HUD radar blared to life, reading multiple life signs. And if the red was anything to go by,

hostile life signs.

Cortana disappeared from view as Carter shouted out orders. My adrenaline drowned out my dread, only wondering that if Spartans can come back, can Covies?

Blood pumped through my veins faster than a bullet in a gun, my new ears picking up any and every little sound.

"Hey, uh, Cortana?" Her light blue face appeared in the corner of my HUD, a sign of her attention. "Since you've been in my music, could you play somethin'?"

A single nod was the only acknowledgment that I received. Only a moment later, a rather old song played, making me grin. It had been years since I heard this song, but I still knew the name; Will, Power, and a Badass Suit!

As we closed in on our quarry, twenty yards, ten, I couldn't stop the manic howl ripping from my lungs as I leap through the bushes, gun charged, as I planted my boot square on the ugly snout of an... alligator?

\_\*A NEW CHAPTER! HAVE AT IT YA PIRANHAS!\*\_

### 3. The Monster

Alligator.

Wearing leather armor.

With a sword...

Under my boot. Hu-whaaaaaaaaa!?

A manic roar grabbed my attention as something hard hit the top of my helmet. Shaking it off, I didn't hesitate to kick out to my left, satisfied by the snap of bone. Leveling my rifle, I clipped off two rounds into the back of a fleeing croc, the report echoing throughout the forest. A blade came from my left, which I deftly knocked aside. Rushing toward the attacker, I grabbed his head with one hand, and bashed my elbow into his snout, dropping him like a gravity hammer. Soon, the images of insurgents replaced the crocs, and my vision reduced to nothing more than a red blur, pointing at shapes and firing off short bursts.

My senses only returned when the rifle clicked empty, but even this did not stop me completely, as I only took enough time to drop the rifle and draw the energy sword from my hip. But before I could attack, a pair of strong arms wrapped around me from behind, which were shrugged off, only to be replaced by even stronger ones. This went on for some time, before multiple arms grabbed me at once, finally forcing me to the ground.

I struggled for who knows how long before I heard it, faint at first, like from a distance, but gradually growing in volume and proximity.

\_"s... ix.. si.. Six..\_ SIX! STAND DOWN SOLDIER!"

I took a moment, but finally I recognized the voice, and the arms holding me. Almost immediately I went limp.

After about five minutes, the other members of Noble team slowly released my limbs, and I rolled to my butt and sat, snapping the best sitting-attention that I could. Carter looked me over cautiously, and I couldn't help but notice from the corner of my eye, Jun aiming his rifle square at my head.

"Lieutenant." I Looked back to the commander, trying not to cringe from his tone. "What happened Lieutenant?"

I took a moment to glance around, my stomach turning instantly into knots. All around lay corpses, at least a dozen, some shot even after death. The one that I had elbowed no longer had a snout, but rather a bony protrusion sticking from the back of his skull. And the one I kicked was missing a good portion of his arm. He would have simply died of either shock or blood loss, had it not been for the five rounds fired into his eye socket. These were among many others that I didn't even remember having attack me. Something that made my stomach turn the worst, more than any amount of carnage, was the fact that a good portion had been shot in the back. It hadn't been a fight.

It was a slaughter.

"Lieutenant!" I could feel myself shrink back, truth be told, out of fear.

I stuttered for the longest time, trying to come up with a reasonable explanation, but the simple truth was, there was only one. But I refused to say it. I couldn't say it. So instead I simply curled up, and tried to shut out the world. Childish, I know, but there was nothing else for me to do. Nothing else to rid me of the fear.

Not the fear of Carter, mind you, as there was nothing really intimidating about him. His tone was more one of concern, or shock, rather than anger. No, the fear of\_ it.\_

The thing that had cursed my dreams for years of my childhood, the thing that drove me to be the coldest, most numb soldier that I could be.

The thing that slaughtered insurgents at every opportunity.

The only thing that could reduce me back to the little girl that I truly was.

Tromping in the woods only served to partially clear my head, but as Noble team turned and took defensive positions, I could only remain seated in my fetal position. As the figures broke through the treeline, I looked up just enough to see what they were. When the froze in shock and horror, I got a good look.

There was a Tiger, female, with a red vest. A Snake, also female, with an intricate tattoo. A monkey, male. A crane, also male. A praying mantis, not too sure. And finally a panda, male and very chubby. I took this in within a moment, but it took the snake nearly a minute to speak only a few words.

"What... What happ.. What happened to them?" I could notice tears welling in her eyes, and so I responded first, seeing as how only I knew.

"They were killed." All eyes turned to me, including those of Noble team. With a breath, I pulled my helmet off, not caring whether or not they saw my scar. My head dipped low again, as I tried to hide from the world.

"The Monster got them."

End  
file.